

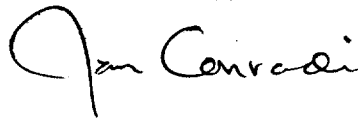
Elements

An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)

by

Sara E Frazier

Thesis Advisor
Jan Conradi

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Jan Conradi". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Jan" and last name "Conradi" clearly distinguishable.

Ball State University

Muncie, Indiana

May 2000

Graduates 6 May 2000

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What should I do for my senior honors thesis? This question had been looming in my mind for the past five years. I knew that I wanted to use my design skills and create something...but what? In reviewing all that I have done in my college career—the courses that I have taken and the projects that I have enjoyed completing—I decided to expand on a creative project that I began in my honors colloquium on fairy tales.

THE CONCEPT

When I did my project for this class I created a book with illustrations for an existing fairy tale—*The Sleeping Beauty*. I wanted to create image to go along with the already existing text. This project, however, I approached from a different angle. First of all, I wanted to use lesser known fairy tales. The old classics—*Cinderella*, *Snow White*, *The Sleeping Beauty*—had been done so many times before, and I wanted to try something new. The other major conceptual change from the previous project was rather than focusing on illustration techniques, as I had before, I wanted to focus on abstract design elements.

THE ELEMENTS

I made this choice when I found the story *The Moon*. When I was reading this story, I thought about how I could use the form of a circle to represent the moon and use that as a design element throughout the story.

After that, I had to re-evaluate which stories I would design. I now needed stories that can be reduced to a single form. The next story that I found was *The Snow Queen*. The obvious icon for this story was the snowflake, but as I thought about it, I decided to simplify the form even more

into a triangle. By doing this, I was still able to create a snowflake by combining six triangles into a single form, but I was also able to use the triangle to represent a shard of glass or tear drops.

The next story that I chose was *Bluebeard*. This story revolves around a set of keys. So, in order to create a simple form for this tale, I combined two letter forms the "o" and the "f" and made a key.

The last story, that of *The Game of Chess*, took me a bit of time to decide on an image. I wanted to use this tale because the grid that I designed for the books lent itself to the creation of squares forming a chess board. The form of the crown was chosen because of the story of the two kings, and is perhaps the most complex of the forms made, consisting of three triangles and a rectangle.

THE COLOR

Originally, I had decided to do each of the stories in a single color design. *The Moon* was a deep blue, representative of a dark night sky. Aqua, a softer color that to me says winter, was chosen for *The Snow Queen*. *Bluebeard* was a dark red, representing the color of blood and danger. Keeping with the tradition of the black and white of a chess board, black was my choice for *The Game of Chess*.

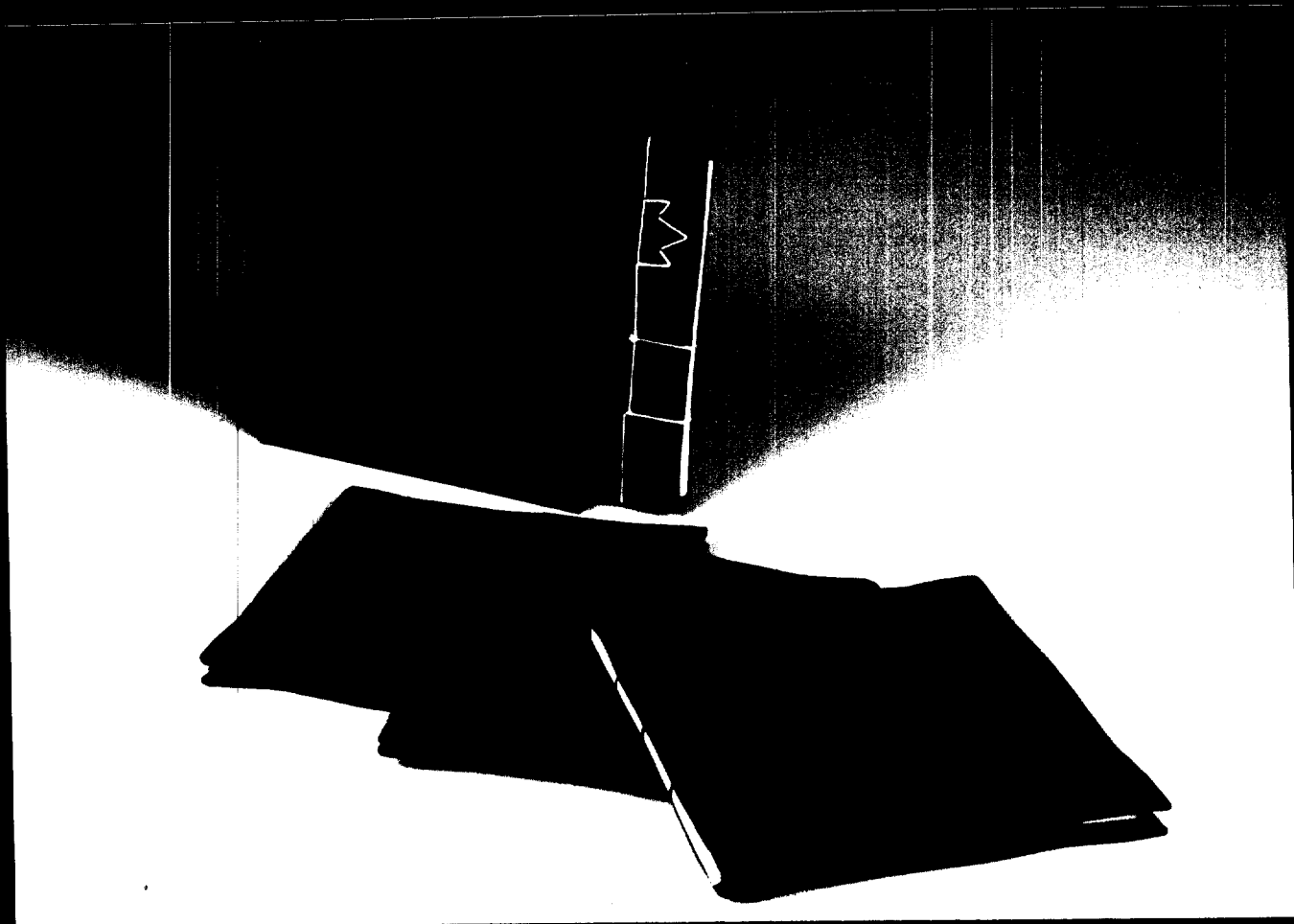
As the design process continued—the black and white of the printouts looked so crisp and clean, and the design elements were strong on their own—there was no need for the color. I did however want to use at least a minor amount of color for an accent, so I used bright versions of the above colors as the stitching in the binding for each respective book.

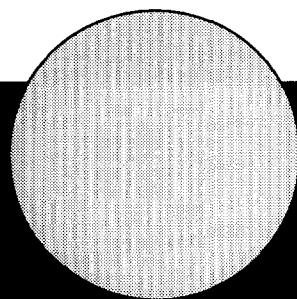
THE CONSTRUCTION

The idea of layering the interior cover page came in the middle of the process. When looking over initial printouts the rectangular forms would show through from the next page. This created an interesting image and relationship between the image and text. At first, I thought of creating each page as a double layer—with text laying atop image—but decided that this would create too much visual confusion. Using this technique for only the title page was a way to use this method and only make this single page distinctive.

I wanted to create some sort of a book form, and through the process decided that each story should have its own book. I decided on the stab binding so that I could create image on the cover without actually printing on the cover. This form of binding also enabled me to layout the pages so that they could be printed on one side of the paper and folded in such a way that the blank side did not have to be dealt with.

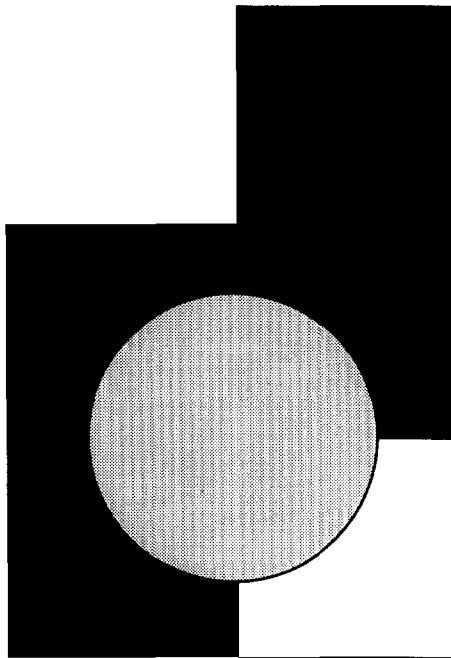
The materials for construction were few. The pages were printed by a laser printer on a heavy weight paper with velum sheets on the front and back. The cover consists of a thin piece of bristol board with black fabric glued on the outside and a sheet of black paper on the inside. Each book was sewn together using embroidery floss.





The Moon

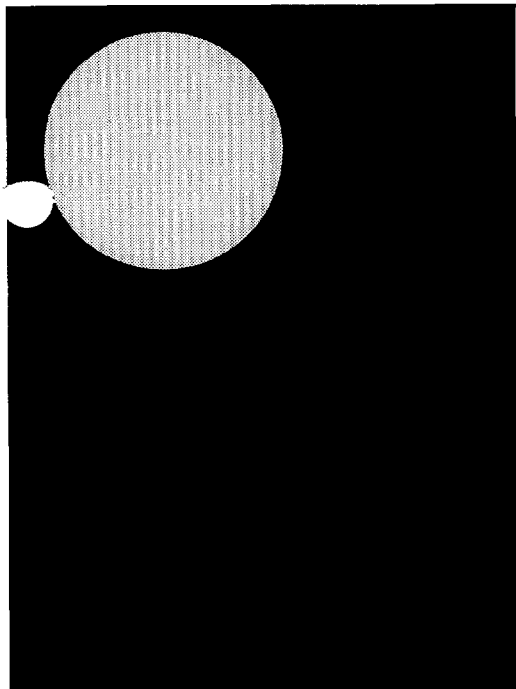
In days gone by there was a land where the nights were always dark, and the sky spread over it like a black cloth, for there the moon never rose, and no star shone in the gloom. At the creation of the world, the light at night had been sufficient.



Three young fellows once went out of this country on a traveling expedition, and arrived in another kingdom, where, in the evening when the sun had disappeared behind the mountains, a shining globe was placed on an oak-tree, which shed a soft light far and wide.

By means of this, everything could very well be seen and distinguished, even though it was not so brilliant as the sun. The travelers stopped and asked a countryman who was driving past with his cart, what kind of a light that was. "That is the moon," answered he. "Our mayor bought it for three talers, and fastened it to the oak tree. He has to pour oil into it daily, and to keep it clean, so that it may always burn clearly. He receives a taler a week from us for doing it."

When the countryman had driven away, one of them said, we could make some use of this lamp, we have an oak-tree at home, which is just as big as this, and we could hang it on that. What a pleasure it would be not to have to feel about at night in the darkness.

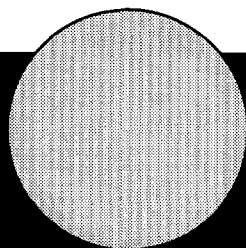


I'll tell you what we'll do, said the second, we will fetch a cart and horses and carry away the moon. The people here may buy themselves another. I'm a good climber, said the third, I will bring it down. The fourth brought a cart and horses, and the third climbed the tree, bored a hole in the moon, passed a rope through it, and let it down.

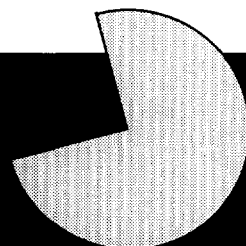
When the shining ball lay in the cart, they covered it over with a cloth, that no one might observe the theft.



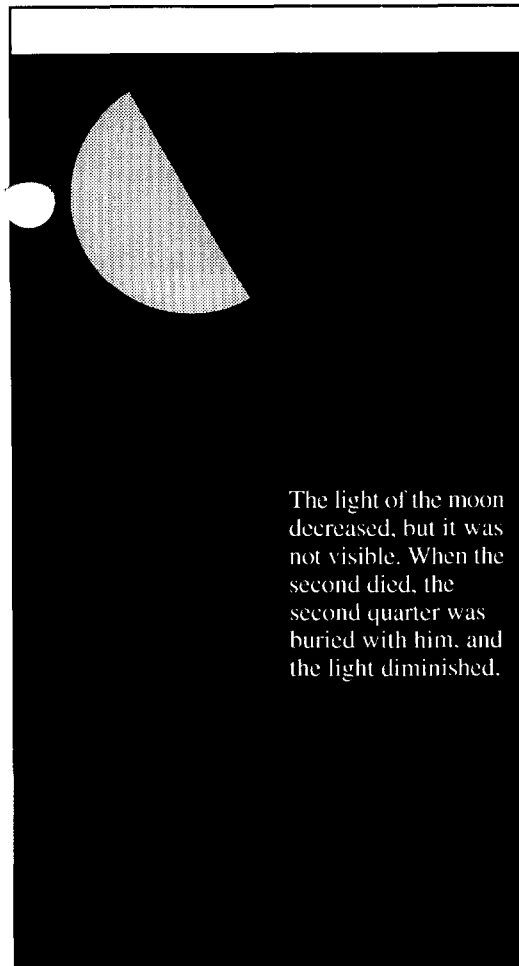
They conveyed it safely into their own country, and placed it on a high oak. Old and young rejoiced when the new lamp let its light shine over the whole land and



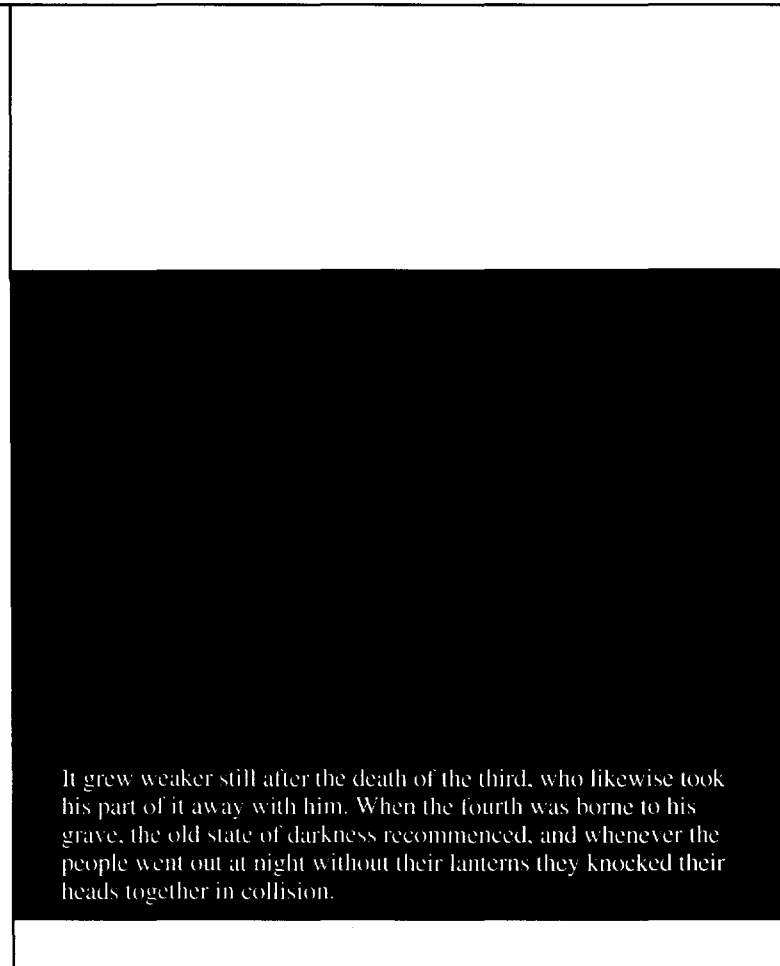
The four took care that the moon was provided with oil, cleaned the wick, and received their weekly taler, but they became old. When one of them grew ill, and saw that he was about to die, he appointed that one quarter of the moon, should, as his property, be laid in the grave with him. When he died, the mayor climbed up the tree, and cut off a quarter with the hedge-shears, and this was placed in his coffin.



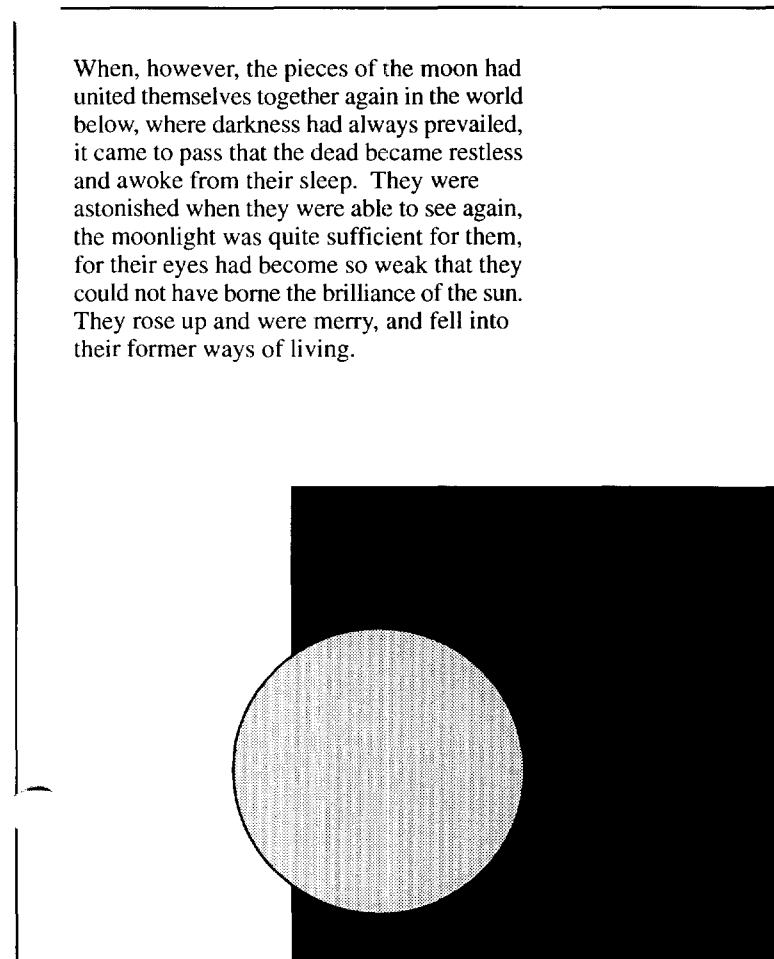
bedrooms and sitting rooms were now filled. The dwarfs came forth from their caves in the rocks, and the tiny elves in their little red coats danced in rings on the meadows.



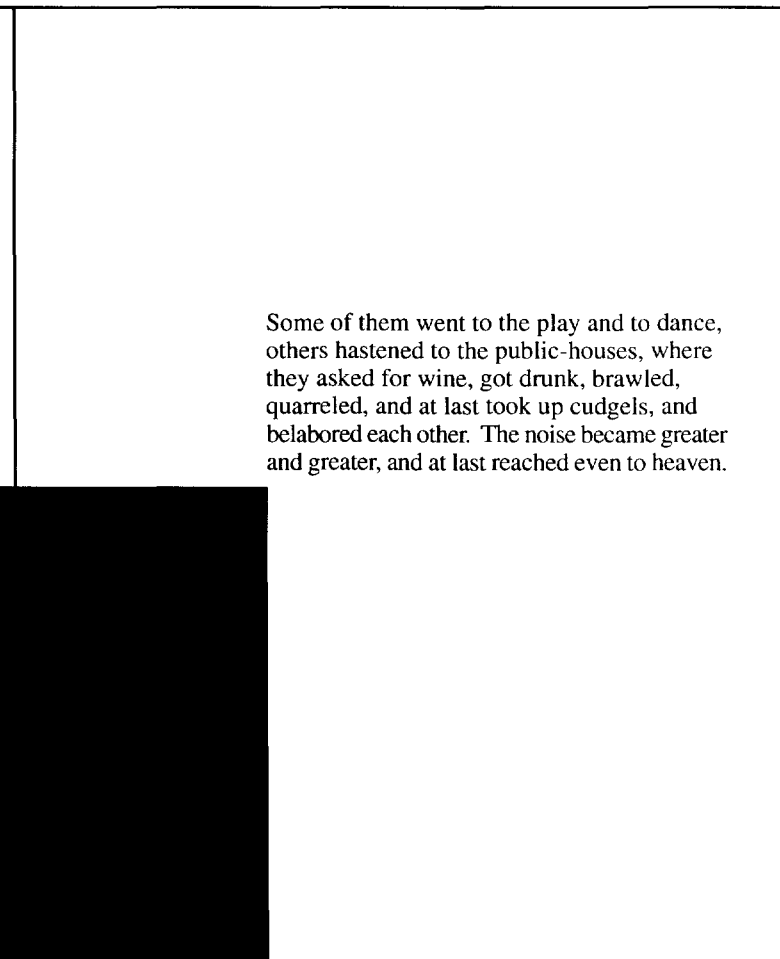
The light of the moon decreased, but it was not visible. When the second died, the second quarter was buried with him, and the light diminished.



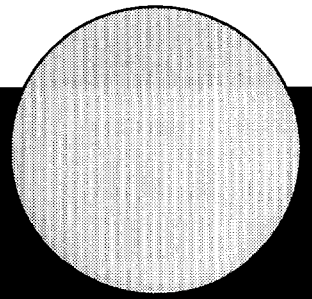
It grew weaker still after the death of the third, who likewise took his part of it away with him. When the fourth was borne to his grave, the old state of darkness recommenced, and whenever the people went out at night without their lanterns they knocked their heads together in collision.



When, however, the pieces of the moon had united themselves together again in the world below, where darkness had always prevailed, it came to pass that the dead became restless and awoke from their sleep. They were astonished when they were able to see again, the moonlight was quite sufficient for them, for their eyes had become so weak that they could not have borne the brilliance of the sun. They rose up and were merry, and fell into their former ways of living.



Some of them went to the play and to dance, others hastened to the public-houses, where they asked for wine, got drunk, brawled, quarreled, and at last took up cudgels, and belabored each other. The noise became greater and greater, and at last reached even to heaven.



St. Peter, who guards the gate of heaven, thought the lower world had broken out in revolt and gathered together the heavenly hosts, which were employed to drive back the evil one when he and his associates storm the abode of the blessed. As these, however, did not come, he got on his horse and rode through the gate of heaven, down into the world below. There he reduced the dead to subjection, bade them lie down in their graves again, took the moon away with him, and hung it up in heaven.

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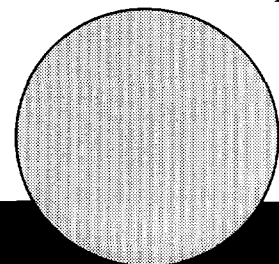
Spring 2000

Concept and Design:

Sara Frazier

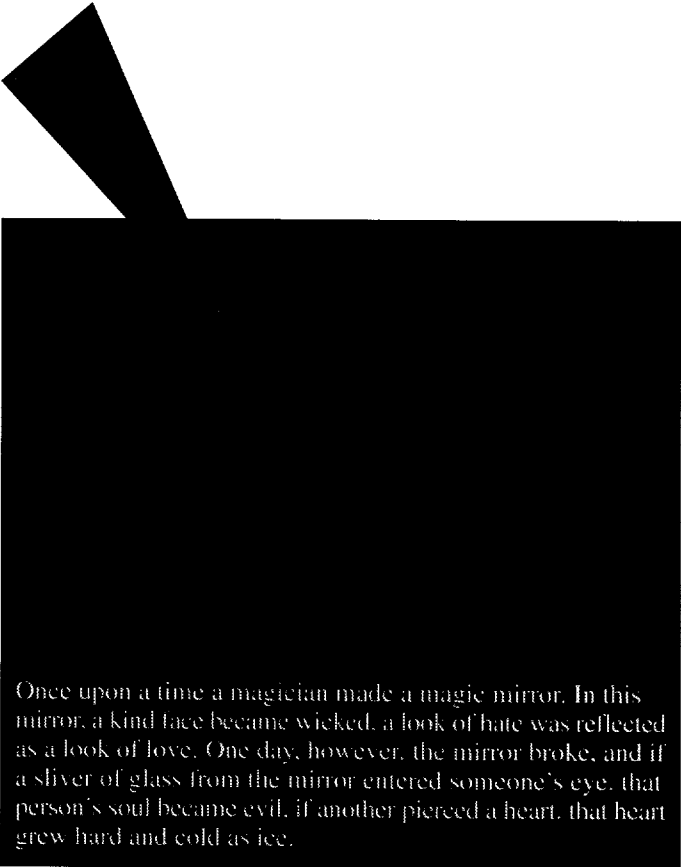
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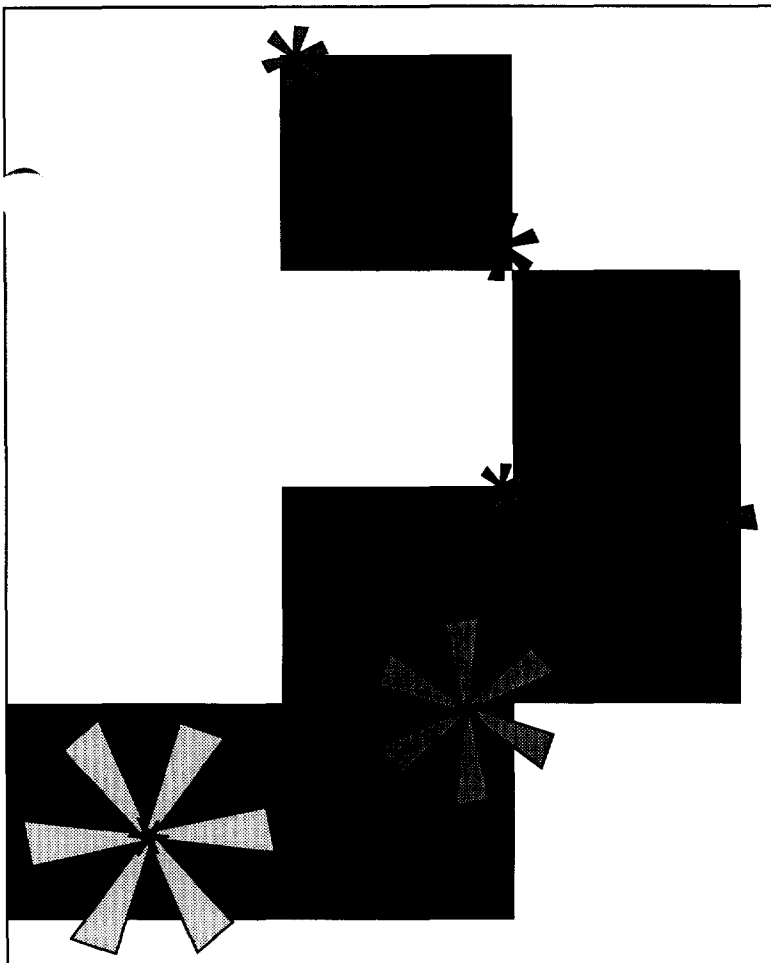




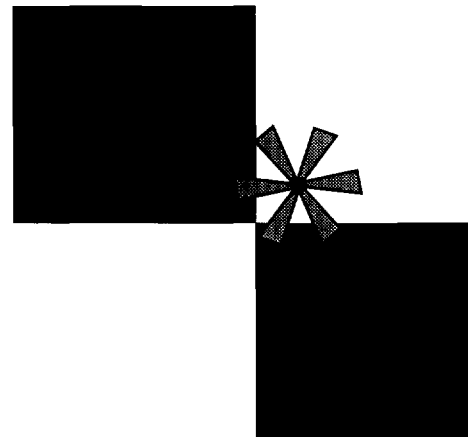
The Snow Queen



Once upon a time a magician made a magic mirror. In this mirror, a kind face became wicked, a look of hate was reflected as a look of love. One day, however, the mirror broke, and if a sliver of glass from the mirror entered someone's eye, that person's soul became evil, if another pierced a heart, that heart grew hard and cold as ice.



In a big town two children, called Karl and Gerda were very close friends, and even the sweet pea that grew on Karl's window sill spread across the street to entwine with Gerda's little rose bush. One evening Karl was watching the snow drift down, when he noticed a white flake slowly turn into a beautiful ice maiden. Karl was startled to hear the ice maiden speak his name, and he was not to know he had set eyes on the Snow Queen.



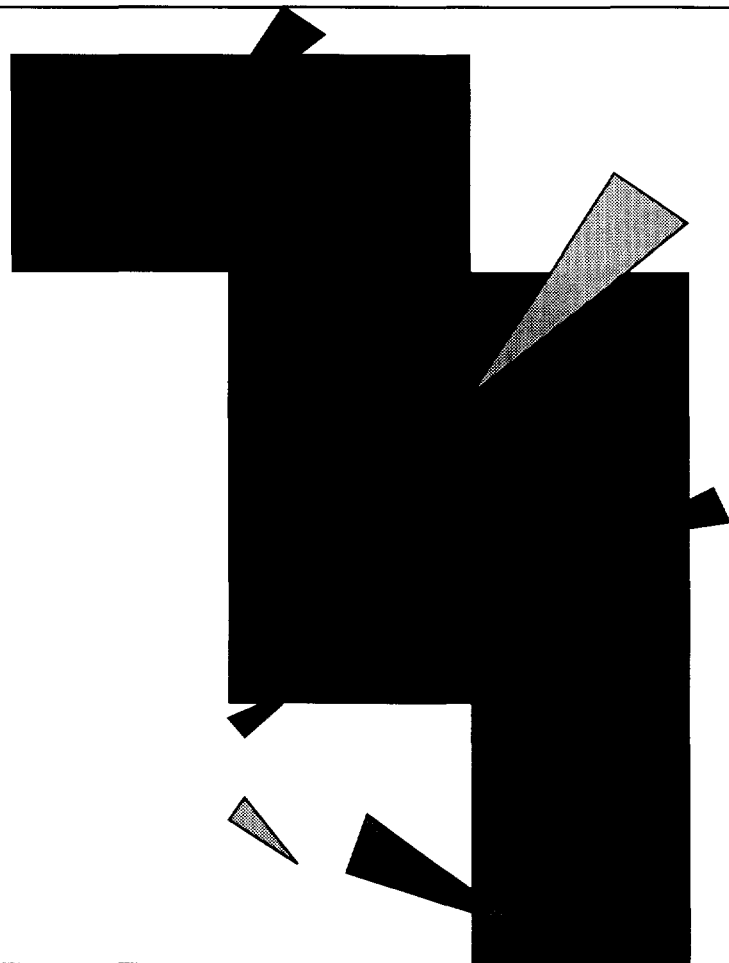
Winter passed, and one spring afternoon, as Karl and Gerda pored over a book, the little boy told her, "I feel a pain in my heart! And something's pricking my eye!"

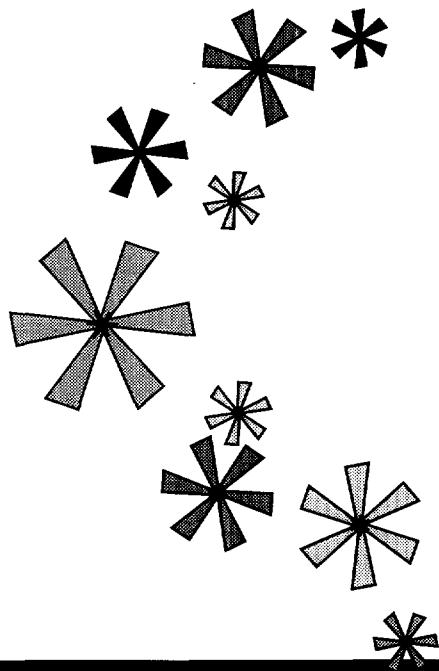
"Don't worry," said Gerda comfortingly. "I can't see anything!" But, alas, splinters from the shattered mirror had pierced the little boy.

Now in the grip of the evil spell, he snapped, "You're so ugly!" And ripping two roses from her bush, he ran off.

From that day on, Karl turned into a very nasty boy, and nobody could understand what had happened to him to cause such a change.

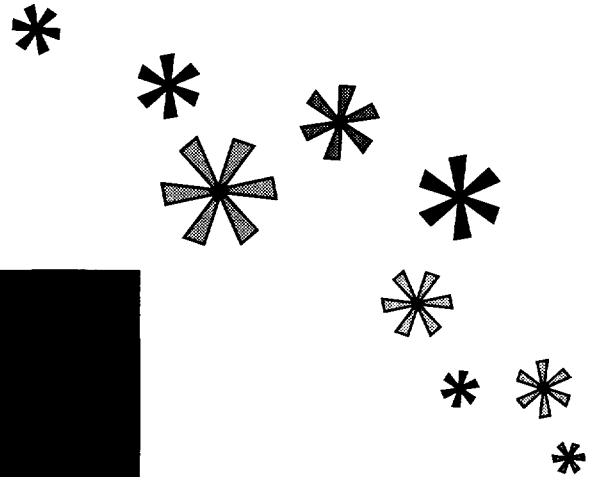
Only Gerda still loved him, though all she got in return were insults and spite.





Winter came round again, though earlier than usual and bringing far more snow than anyone could remember.

One day, just after going outdoors to play in the snow, Karl saw the beautiful maiden he had seen that night, coming towards him wrapped in a white fur coat. She stood in front of him, told him to tie his sledge to her own which was drawn by a white horse, and then they sped away.



Suddenly, the great sledge soared into the sky and through all of the clouds. Stretched out on his own little sledge, Karl didn't dare move a muscle for fear of falling out into space. At last, they came to a halt on an immense white plain, dotted with lots of frozen sparkling lakes.

"Come into my arms," said the Snow Queen, opening her soft fur coat. "Come and keep warm!"

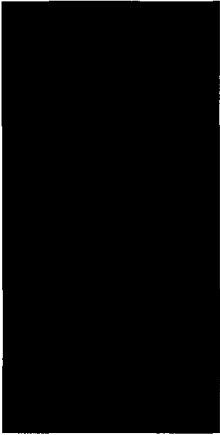
Karl allowed himself to be hugged by the unknown maiden, and a chill ran up his spine as two icy lips touched his forehead.

The Snow Queen kissed him again, and in an instant, the little boy forgot all about Gerda and his past life, as he fell into a deep sleep.


In the meantime, Gerda was anxiously searching for Karl, but no one had seen or heard from him. Finally, she went down to the river.

"Great river," she said, "please tell me if you've seen Karl or if you've carried him away! I'll give you these, if you do!" And she threw her shoes into the river. But the current paid no heed and just swept them back to the bank. Not all that far away stood an old boat, and Gerda slowly climbed in it. As she drifted with the current, she said, "Great river, silently flowing, knowing all things about men's lives, take me to my friend Karl."

At dusk, she stopped by a riverbank carpeted with all kinds of flowers. After resting she went into the forest, and though she did not know how she would ever find her friend, a little voice inside her told her to be brave. After wandering far and wide, she stopped, tired and hungry. A crow flapped out from a hollow tree.



"If you're looking for Karl," it said,
"I know where he is! I saw him with the
Snow Queen on her sledge in the sky!"
"And where is her kingdom?" Gerda
asked the crow.
"In Lapland, where all is icy cold. That
reindeer over there might take you!"

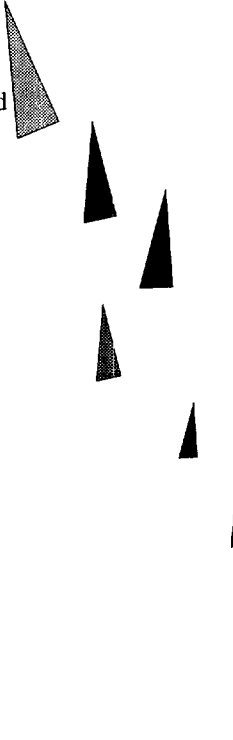


Gerda ran over to
the big reindeer,
threw her arms
around its neck and,
laying her cheek
against its soft
muzzle, said,
"Please help me to
find my friend!"


The reindeer's
kindly eyes told her
that he would, and
so she decided to
climb onto its back.

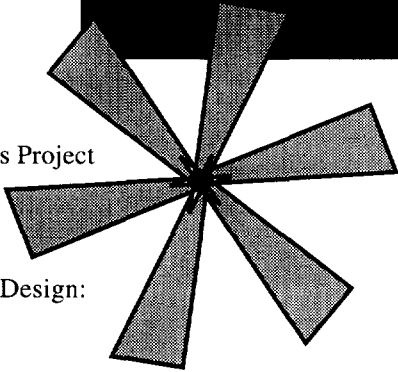
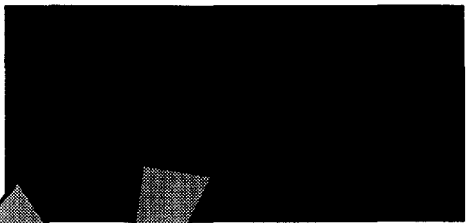
They traveled till
they came to the
frozen tundra, lit by
the fiery glow of the
Northern Lights.

"Karl! Karl! Where
are you?" shouted
Gerda as loudly as
she could. When, at
last, she found the
little boy, Karl did
not recognize her.
Gerda threw her
arms round him, and
teardrops dripped
onto his chest and
heart and broke the
evil spell.



Karl woke from his
long sleep. When he set
eyes on Gerda, he too
began to weep and the
second cold splinter of
the mirror vanished.
They had found each
other again at last,
thanks to Gerda's love.
The reindeer galloped
them home. The two
plants on the window
sills started to blossom
again and to twine, a
sign of their everlasting
love and friendship.





Honors Thesis Project

Spring 2000

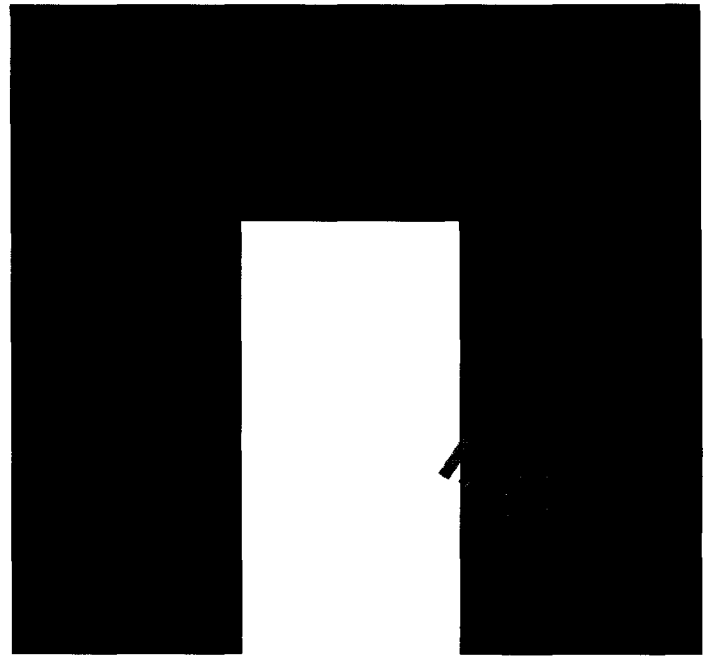
Concept and Design:

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Bluebeard



Once upon a time, in the fair land of France, there lived a very powerful lord, the owner of estates, farms and a great splendid castle, and his name was Bluebeard. This wasn't his real name, it was a nickname, due to the fact he had a long shaggy black beard with glints of blue in it. He was very handsome and charming, but, if the truth be told, there was something about him that made you feel respect, and a little uneasy...

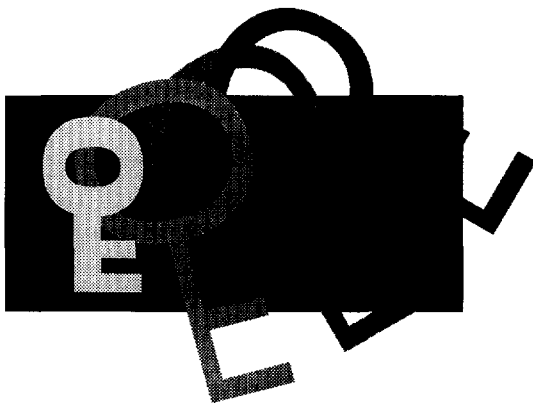
Bluebeard often went away to war, and when he did, he left his wife in charge of the castle. He had had lots of wives, all young, pretty and noble. As bad luck would have it, one after the other, they had all died, and so the noble lord was forever getting married again.

"Sire," someone would ask now and again, "what did your wives die of?"

"Ah, my friend," Bluebeard would reply, "one died of smallpox, one of a hidden sickness, another of a high fever, another of a terrible infection. Ah, I'm unlucky, and they're unlucky too! They're all buried in the castle chapel," he added.

No one found anything strange about that. Nor did the sweet and beautiful young girl that Bluebeard took as a wife think it strange either. She went to the castle accompanied by her sister Anna, who said, "Oh, aren't you lucky marrying a lord like Bluebeard?"

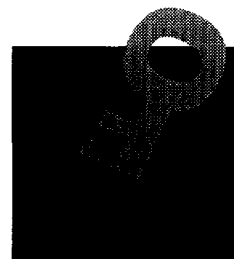
"He really is very nice, and when you're close, his beard doesn't look as blue as folk say!" said the bride, and the two sisters giggled delightedly. Poor souls! They had no idea what was laying in store for them!



A month or so later, Bluebeard had the carriage brought round and said to his wife, "Darling, I must leave you for a few weeks, but invite whomever you like. Here," he added, handing his bride a bunch of keys, "you'll need these, the keys of the safe, the armory, the library, and this one opens all of the room doors. Now, this little key here, opens the little room at the end of the ground floor corridor. Take your friends were you want, open any door you like, but not this one! Is that perfectly clear?"

"Not this one! Nobody at is allowed to enter this room. If you ever did go into it, I would go into such a rage that it's better that you don't!"

"Do not worry, husband," said Bluebeard's wife as she took the keys, "I will do what you say." After giving her a hug, Bluebeard got into his carriage and sped off.



The days went by.
The young girl
invited her friends
to the castle and
showed them round
all the rooms
except the one at
the end of the
corridor.

"Why shouldn't I
see inside the little
room? Why, why is
it forbidden?"

Well, she thought
about it so much
that she ended up
bursting with
curiosity, until one
day she opened the
door and walked
into the little room.

Of all ghastly horrors! Inside, hanging on
the walls, were the bodies of Bluebeard's
past wives. He had strangled them all
with his own hands!

Terror stricken, the
girl ran out of the
room, but the bunch
of keys slipped from
her grasp. She picked
them up without a
glance and hurried to
her own room, her
heart thumping wildly
in her chest. Horrors!
She was living in a
castle of the dead! So
that is what had
happened to all of
Bluebeard's wives!

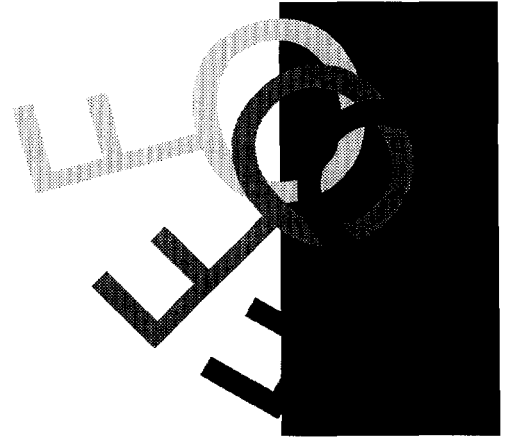
The girl summoned up her courage and noticed that one of the
keys—the very key to the little room—was stained with blood.
"I must wipe it clean, before my husband comes back!" she said
to herself. Try as she did, the bloodstain wouldn't wash away.
She washed, she scrubbed and she rinsed it; all in vain, for the
key was still stained red. That evening, Bluebeard came home.
Just imagine the state his poor wife was in!

Bluebeard did not ask his wife for the keys that same evening, but he remarked, "You look a little bit upset, darling, has anything happened?"

"Oh, no! No!"

"Are you sorry I came back so soon?"

"Oh, no! I'm delighted!" But that night, the bride didn't sleep a wink.



The next day, Bluebeard said, "Darling, give me back the keys," and his wife hurriedly did so. Bluebeard remarked, "There's one missing, the key to the little room!"

"Is there? I must have left it in my room!" explained the girl.

"All right, go and get it." When Bluebeard's wife put the key into his hand, Bluebeard turned white, and in a deep hoarse voice demanded, "Why is this key stained with blood?"



"I don't know," said his wife.

"I think you know very well!" he yelled. "You went into the little room, didn't you, didn't you? Well, you will go back again, this time for good, along with all the other ladies in there. You must die!"

"Oh no! I pray you!"

"You must die!" he repeated just as there was a knock at the door and Anna, the sister of his wife, entered the castle.

"Good morning," she said, "you seem rather pale."

"Not at all, we are both quite well today," replied Bluebeard.

His wife whispered in his ear, "Please, please give me ten minutes to live!"

Bluebeard replied, "Not more than ten!"

The girl ran to her sister Anna, who had gone up to one of the towers and asked her, "Anna, do you see our brothers coming? They promised they would come and see me today!"

But Anna replied, "I don't see them."

"Anna, please look again, are you sure you can't see them?"

"No, I only see one or two peasants," said her sister.

Just then Bluebeard's boomed up to them, "Wife, your time is now up! Come here!"

"I'm coming!" she called, and said to her sister, "Oh Anna, aren't our brothers coming?"

"No," replied Anna.

Again Bluebeard shouted up, "Come down at once! Or I'll come up!"

Trembling like a leaf, his wife went down the stairs. Bluebeard was clutching a big knife and he grabbed his bride by the hair.

"Sister, I can see two horsemen coming!" called out Anna from the tower at that very moment.

Bluebeard made a horrible face saying, "They too will die!"

His wife knelt to implore, "Please, please don't kill me. I'll never tell anyone what I saw! I'll never say a word!"

"Yes, you'll never say a word for eternity!" snarled Bluebeard, raising his knife.

"Have pity on me!" the poor girl wailed.

"No! You must die!" he fiercely replied.

He was about to bring the knife down on the girl's delicate neck, when two young men burst into the room, a dragoon and a musketeer. These men were his wife's brothers.

Drawing their swords, they leapt towards Bluebeard, who tried to flee up some stairs, but was caught and killed, and that was the end of the sad story. Bluebeard's poor wives were given a Christian burial and the castle was completely renovated. The young widow, some time later, married a good and honest young man, who helped her to forget the terrible adventure, and the young lady lost all her sense of curiosity.

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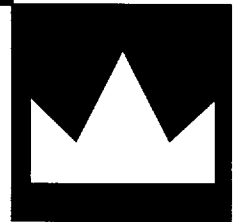


The

Game

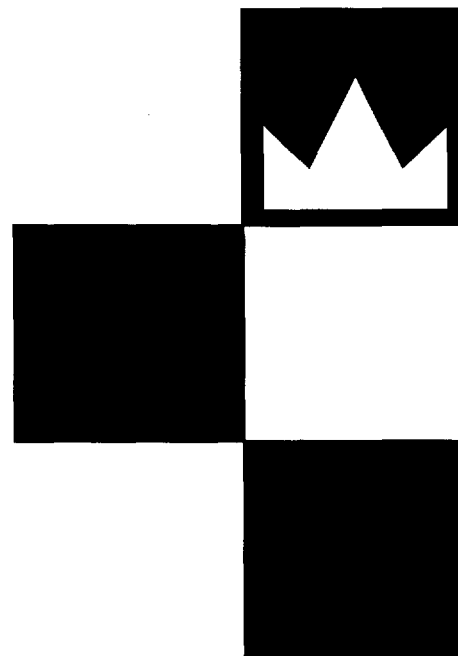
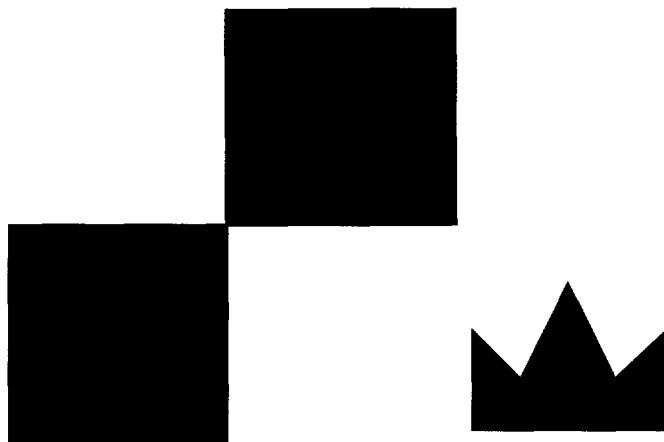
of

Chess



Once upon a time, in faraway Persia there lived a King who had a beautiful wife and a handsome young son named Gav. Life was all sunshine as far as he knew, but not for long.

One day, as he was going hunting, he fell from his horse and was killed. Women in Persia could not succeed to the throne and so the dead ruler's brother was proclaimed King. He was a prince called May. He fell in love with the widowed Queen and married her. She gave him a son and he was called Talend. Alas, some time later, the new King died and there only remained the Queen with the two sons. They were brothers of course, but had different fathers.



The question was soon raised, "Which brother will become King of Persia?"

"It will be Gav," was one reply, "because he is the elder."

But others said, "It will be Talend, because he is the son of our last King."

The Queen herself said nothing at all.

However, sooner or later, she would have to come to a decision, and she did not want to disappoint Gav or Talend. As long as the two boys were small, it didn't matter, but when they started to grow up and began to ask when one or the other was going to be crowned King, the problems began. The Queen couldn't make up her mind. When the ministers asked her to make a choice, she would reply, "Yes, I will do it tomorrow..." and so the years went by.

Gav and Talend became young men, and rivals. As children they were always together, as youths, they saw very little of each other; indeed, they kept out of each other's way. Each had his own set of friends. In that way, two sides were formed, one supporting Talend, the other supporting Gav. The ministers were very worried, and now insisted that the Queen choose the King. But she couldn't bring herself to do this, for fear of disappointing one of her dearly loved sons.

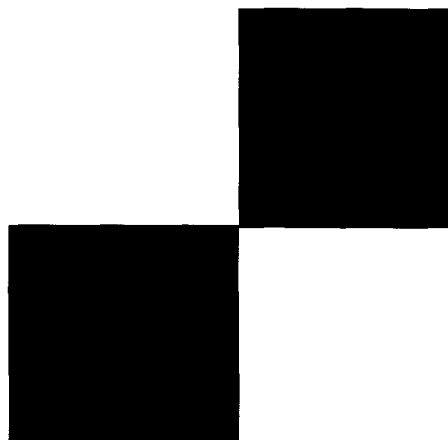


Some years later, the kingdom drifted towards civil war, for the two princes did not see eye to eye, neither wanted to give up the throne, neither wanted to step down. Some of the provinces sided with Talend, yet others took the side of Gav. Certain battalions in the king's army swore allegiance to Talend, others to Gav. The two young men met, but only to stare at each other coldly and to promise war instead of peace, and war was fast approaching.


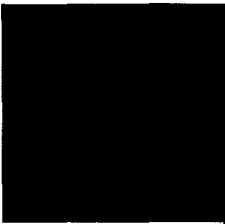
Two opposing armies were built up, each consisting of money, weapons, horses and elephants—which were very important in Persia, for they carried on their backs a wickerwork turret from which archers fired at their enemies. Gav's army began to march against his brother Talend's, and all of Persia held its breath, awaiting the battle that was to decide its fate.




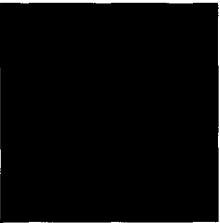
The battle was fought. Both armies had the same number of foot soldiers, standard bearers and elephants. It was a terrible massacre. Neither of the brothers wanted the other to die. In spite of everything, the brothers felt the call of the family. Indeed, each had given an order that, if the soldiers found they were about to kill the enemy leader, they were to stop and warn him instead by shouting, "Watch out, King!"



The conflict lasted for a long time, until Gav's troops were overcome and Talend found himself with only a few soldiers to defend him. Then, a little later, quite alone, he found himself surrounded on all sides by Gav's turreted elephants, slowly advancing on him. No arrows were fired on the prince, he turned his way and that, searching for a way to escape, but his heart failed at that moment and he fell dead to the ground.




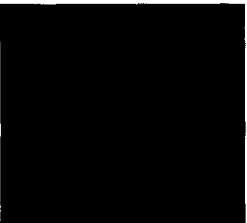
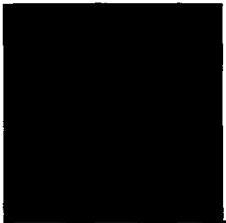
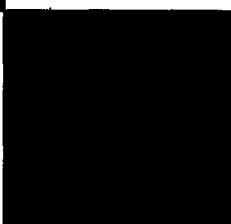


High in the palace tower, the Queen had watched the battle with sorrow in her heart, knowing full well that she was, at that very moment, losing one of her sons. But which one? It didn't really matter. She loved them both equally.



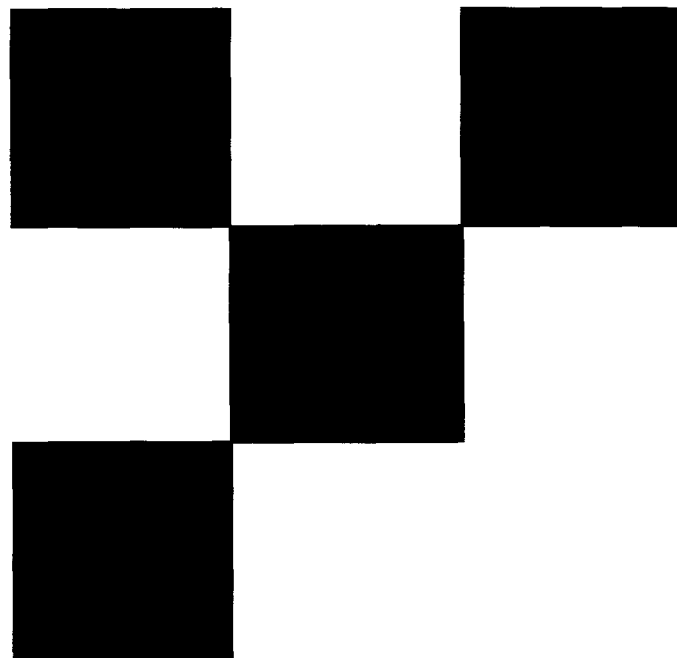
When she saw that the dust had settled on the distant plain and the cries of battle had died away, the Queen came down from the tower and rushed through the palace to meet those returning from the field. She stopped in her tracks. Her son Gav, his clothes in tatters and slashed with blood, staggered sadly towards her.



"Talend?" stammered the Queen.
Gav shook his head, "Oh, mother," he said, "my brother Talend is dead."
"Dead! Did you kill him?"
"Oh, no, mother!" exclaimed Gav.
"I would never do such a thing."
"But you ordered his death!" exclaimed the Queen.

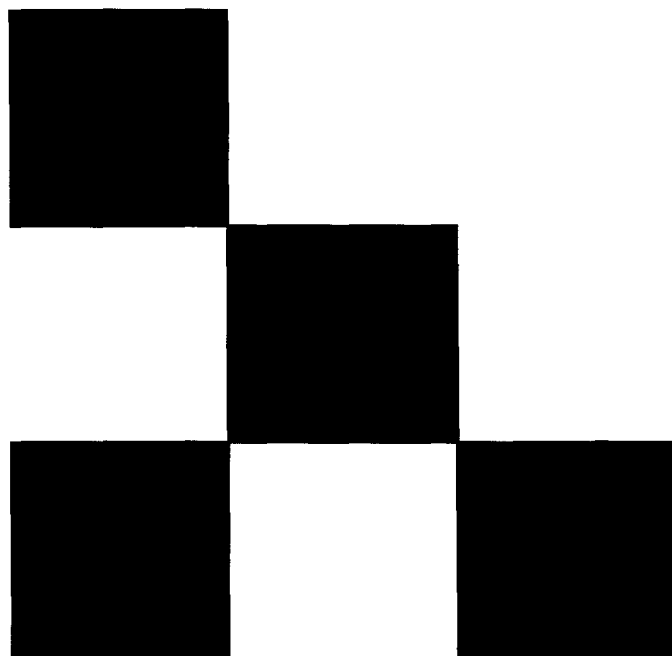


The young man then knelt before her and, taking the hem of her dress in his hand, said, "Mother, I swear nobody was responsible for my brother's death. He died, but not violently."
"I shall never believe that is the truth," wept the Queen.
But Gav said, "I shall prove that it is."



He then thought of a way to show his mother how the battle had been fought. First of all, he asked a carpenter to make him a board, as flat as the plain. Then to mark the positions and maneuvers of the two armies, the board was divided into white and black squares.

A wood carver made him a miniature army of foot soldiers, a king, standard bearers, knights and towers, to take the place of the elephants and their turrets. When everything was ready, Gav called the Queen and, moving one piece at a time, acted out the various stages of battle.



"You see, mother, my foot soldiers advanced like this, so Talend moved his like that. Each time my brother was about to be

killed, I had my men cry out loud, 'watch out, King,' so that he would be able to reach safety," said Gav.

The poor Queen kept asking herself the same question for a long time. She would sit all day long beside the little battlefield moving the pieces.

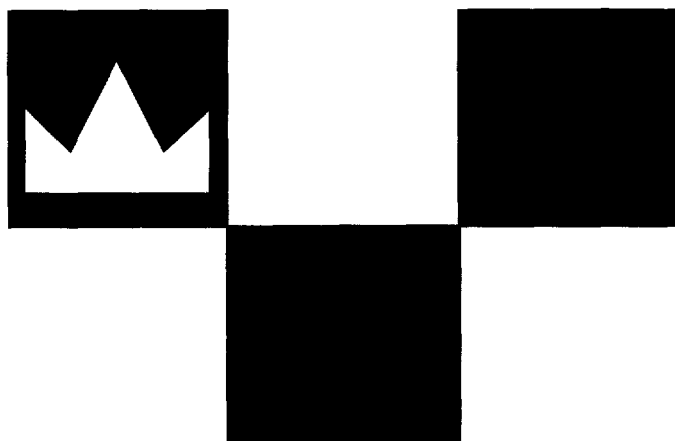
foot soldiers, towers, and standard bearers always trying to save the King. In the end, she understood that, as in make-believe,

so it is in real life, when there is a fight to the last, one opponent has to fall, just as her son Talend had.

"In the end, though, my Talend was no longer safe," murmured the Queen.

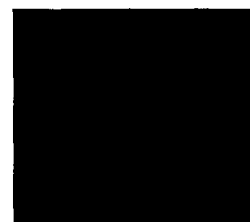
Gav sadly replied, "That's true. He was surrounded. But I would never have had him killed, mother. It was his heart that gave out. My brother realized he had lost, and so he died."

The Queen then said, "I understand, son, and I forgive you. I feel you'll be a good king for our country. But I wonder why, in a battle between two kings, one must win and the other lose."



One day, they found the poor Queen dead on what was, by then, known as the chessboard. That is how chess originated.

Nowadays it is a peaceful contest that recalls a real-life battle. Today it is fun, but then it caused a poor mother who saw her sons fight against each other, sadness and suffering.



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